The magnitude of Telugu fiction may not be known all that well outside Andhra Pradesh but Telugu Literature do have a large number of novels and short stories which are truly world class. There surely are many Tolstoys and Tagores among the Telugu writers waiting to be introduced to fame. The translation is playing a major role in bringing them into spotlight and draws the world’s attention to them. The great work of translation is believed to be the result of an honor to the translator. In the hallmark of Telugu novel, contemporariness becomes evident to the non-Telugu readers through this novella in translation. The human failures and their idiosyncrasies retain the poignancy that marks the original and the translation work points out bilingualism and bi-culturalism that makes this translation creative and challenging. A translator has a tough job on hand that of weighing how much of an exposure that the reader should get to the ethos of the people being written about.

The primary manifestations of Indian strong tradition of democratic literature are found in our tribal and oral literatures. The post-modernists
are profoundly rooted in the history of Indians and micro struggles centered round issues of right to cultural difference, caste power, gender power and ecology etc. Telugu novelists have by and large focused on situations- social as well as psychological - presenting, analyzing and contemplating them, narrating the society as it was, most often in the realistic pattern. The novella has been written with such a care dramatizing the terrifying power of fate and man’s total surrender to it with great intensity. The translation work is hailed as a breakthrough when it appeared in English since it tried the use of folk and dialectical elements. The portrayal of the plight of the dalit protagonist with his mythologization of way of writing attempted a reinterpretation of history in the light of the new social awareness. Kesava Reddy is the foremost stimulant in articulating the frustrations of the downtrodden. The novella when it dealt with domestic tensions of the old man has produced manifold layers of meanings and messages that together outline a bitter commentary on man’s futile attempts to challenge destiny spearheaded the target audience with awe. The work in regional language and English has become an immediate success with its ritualistic depiction of tribal life. The work has exhibited the uninhibited analysis of human mind in its starkness and cruelty and contributed immensely to contemporary field of translation. Indian novels are best read from the multiple perspectives of translation, comparative literature and critical theory. Translation and specifically translation into English ensures the text’s existence as a Pan-
Indian, though not a unified, object. At the heart of the rehabilitating exercise is the recovery of Kesava Reddy's amazing work through a cross-cultural and collaborative translation project. The English translation has given the text's critique is also indispensable. The English-speaking world ought to know the depth and dimension of the Telugu fiction of Andhra Pradesh in the present century. Conversely, all of us can learn from the unusually rich critique of social power in all its forms that Kesava Reddy's novel articulates.

Kesava Reddy is born in a middle class farmer's family 'Talupulapalli' in the taluq of 'Puthalapattu' on 10th March 1947. Rangareddy and Annamma were his parents. His father Rangareddy had basic education. He used to read The Ramayana, The Mahabharatha and The Bhagavadgita. He used to train his sons in the farming activities too apart from their education. His eldest son, Bhaskarreddy did his B.A and Kesava Reddy completed MBBS owing to their father's deep interest in their studies. Kesava Reddy was the fourth of the five children. Penumuru is his Surname. He studied till 5th class in Talupulapalli itself from 1952-59. His high school education was done in Puthalapattu from 1959-65. He used to attend the classes covering ten kilometers of distance to and fro every day. Kesava Reddy went to the reading room every day and read the Telugu short stories serialized in the popular weekly, monthly magazines like Bharathi, Andhra Patrika and Andhra Prabha. In those days it was not easy for a school goer to read the magazines. Either the
teachers or the elders were under the impression that youngsters would be spoiled by reading popular magazines and hence they were not allowed. Kesava Reddy used to pester Chenchyya, the attender, to give one or two magazines in the late evening after the closing of the school which would be returned in the late early morning hours of the next day. Loaded with a school bag and the lunch box, Kesava Reddy, then would start walking on the edge of the NH road towards home and reading the stories. The reading would continue the next day morning while walking on the edge of the NH road towards the school. He would hide the magazines after returning home lest his father would scold him. He would study his class books under the kerosene lamp in the night. It’s how Kesava Reddy has developed literary flavour. Kesava Reddy’s maternal grand parents stayed in Ramanayyagari Palli in Chittore district. Madhurantakam Rajaram, a popular Telugu writer by that time, hailed from the same village. There was no direct acquaintance with him. But Kesava Reddy was influenced by the simplicity and popularity of this writer. While doing his PUC in Sri Venkateswara Arts and Science College, Kesava Reddy is influenced by the writings of Madhurantakam Rajaram and Kodavatiganti kutumbarao. Kesava Reddy wrote four or five short stories and they were published. However, he did not remember the details of these stories. After PUC he got admission into MBBS in 1966 at Medical College of Pondicherry. His career in Medicine and Literature was, thus, seeded in Pondicherry. After the completion of medicine course Kesava Reddy became a research
assistant in an ICMR two years project. Kesava Reddy has got his appointment in 1977 in Victoria Hospital in Dichpalle in Nizamabad district. Then he has done his M.D. Diploma Course from 1991-1993 at CMC of Vellore under study leave. In 1977 he married Dhiramathi, a nurse in public health wing in the same hospital. She was a Christian and their interreligious and intercaste marriage posed some problems with the elders but everything had become normal later. The couple has understood the philosophy of The Gita and The Bible as well.

Kesava Reddy has started writing at the age of eighteen while studying PUC. He has written two big stories, two mini stories and five novels in all and portrayed the complete realistic picture of the downtrodden of Rayalaseema with dexterity. Kesava Reddy has initially penned two big stories – Bhagavanuvacha (1971) and The Road (1974). Later, he has written two mini stories Pulse of Road (1974) and Party (1980). Kesava Reddy has written so far five novels- Incredible Goddess (1976), Smesanam Dunneru (1979), Athadu Adivini Jayinchadu (1983); City Beautiful (1984); Ramudunnadu; Raji Vundaadi (1984). Four out of five novels got literary awards remarkably. The first novel Incredible Goddess received the award of ‘Natalapati Gangadharam Sahithi Kutumba Society’ in 1980. His second novel Smesanam Dunneru stood second in the novel competitions by Visalandra Publishing House in 1979. The third novel City Beautiful is selected as the best Serial Novel and received Pathivada Sudhakar Smaraka Award in 1985. In 1987
Telugu University awarded the Best Novel Award to Athadu Adivini Jayinchadu.

After the Second World War there were writers from the region of Rayalaseema in Telugu literature. The scope of the writings has never gone beyond the familiar themes of the middle class. It is Kesava Reddy alone who has made a real portrayal of the downtrodden in Rayalaseema. The theme of these five novels in chronological order would facilitate the reader to understand the philosophy of his writings. In Incredible Goddess Peda Reddy is a crownless king to the village of Gangapatnam. There is a hamlet of untouchables in the outskirts who belong to ‘Pokanati Sect’ except Ramachandrudu who belongs to ‘Rampala.’ All of the untouchables are the staunch followers of Peda Reddy. In a murder case except Ramachandrudu every other harijan witnessed the case in favour of Peda Reddy. Peda Reddy has won the case and has a grudge over Ramachandrudu. Ramachandrudu has to undergo a period of crisis. Ramachandrudu lost his land and house in the process of Peda Reddy’s revenge. The whole harijan community demolished his house without even realizing the injustice done to their co- harijan member. Adjusting his luggage, followed by his wife, children and twenty pigs Ramachandrudu started for a new settlement somewhere in the country. Ramachandrudu’s heart was broken and he was desperate. He was consoled by his wife, Naga. Ramachandrudu’s first stay was at ‘Ontillu Agraharam’ where he had observed similar discriminated ignorant
atmosphere and failed to gain the support of his own people. Ramachandrudu lost his pigs and his son, Kishtudu, in this process. The harijans blamed Ramachandrudu and supported the Munsab. However, Ramachandrudu left this village. A cart man left him near another village where he was given shelter by Arjuna Reddy, a youngster with modern outlook. The harijans of the village made rounds (pradakshanas) around a temple from the outside. The news of Ramachandrudu’s stay in the hut perturbed them as their pradakshanas included the hut. They all doubted a curse. The spread of Cholera confirmed their doubt. In the night they burnt the house. As Arjuna Reddy had burns allover his body he asked Ramachandrudu to bring the castor oil from the main temple. Ramachandrudu hesitated. Arjuna Reddy tried to speak but no sound was produced. He signed Ramachandrudu to stand before him. Arjuna Reddy, then, gathered all his strength and split on Ramachandrudu’s face. The story ends here showing intolerance against the existing subordinate tendency among the dalits.

Smesanam Dunneru is the second novel of Kesava Reddy. Pedareddy who was a landowner possessing hundreds of acres, desired to club the harijan’s five acres of burial ground to his lands. He ordered them to dig the burial ground. Venkatadri was supervising. The harijans prepared to dig it. It was Veerabhadraram who worried about the cemetery of their forefathers. It was he who asked the amount of daily wage. Venkatadri shouted at him and they started cleaning the place. As they
were digging the place they found a treasure pot consisting of ninety two gold coins. They decided to handover the pot to the land owner. Veerabhadram objected to it and proposed to distribute the coins among them. The distribution was complicated as all of them would have three coins but for one. They asked Veerabhadram to satisfy with two coins only. He started fighting with them. They hit him to the blue and the whole news reached the owner. The coins were locked with him but the harijans were furious with Veerabhadram. They locked his house. Veerabhadram tried to complaint and met Vedavyasa on his journey to the city. However, he lost his case as none of his people was ready to be a witness. The Pokanati harijans raided him, cut the nerves above the ankles and raped his daughter and wife. Veerabhadram crawled into his house later only to understand what was happened there. He killed himself with a spear unable to bear the insult. Vedavyasa who had come just then made a vow to him. In the night the whole hamlet of harijans was burnt to ashes. None could trace the criminal. Vedavyasa revealed the whole incident to the police. Pedareddy would also become one among the culprits as Venkatadri handed over the pot to him. Pedareddy did not agree but managed the case. Thirty harijans, Vedavyasa and Venkatadri were jailed for ten years. Pedareddy did 'Sivabhishekham' and planted three spears. He also promised the ritual process every year. After ten years there were thirty spears and three were to be added to that number. It was a festive day and Pedareddy, his members of family attended it.
The priest traced the missing of spears. Meanwhile the released band from the jail appeared with a spear and killed Pedareddy and his other members. His family had become heirless. The blood was flowing and in the early of the dawn the birds were flying.

City Beautiful is written in 1984. Devadas, a student of second year medicine course, has a straight forward nature unlike his other classmates. Watching second shows, smoking and reading literature are his hobbies. There is no student-teacher relation with his professor of Anatomy. The professor would dictate the old notes and show a kind of jealousy against the intelligent students. All this has made Devadas to skip his classes, as a result of which his attendance was low and he was detained from final examinations of second year by his professor quoting the constitution. According to Devadas the constitution was not well maintained properly as there were no reminders. There was a heated debate but the professor felt that the absence of Devadas to his theory classes was an insult to his teaching and did not do any favour. Devadas scolded him and returned to his room. His friend Ilangoe tried to call for a meeting among student union but Devadas did not like the proposal. In order to avoid the flood of sympathy from the other students Devadas wanted to go to a movie. He did not get a ticket there. But he was acquainted with a girl student there. There were silver jubilee celebrations in a women’s college. The girl forced Devadas to buy one tambala ticket for which he got a bottle of whisky. He went to the beach, started sipping it and remembered his love
episode with Lavanya in the early days of his medical college life. He was walking towards the hostel at 12 o'clock thinking the entry of 26th examination date, the day of Anatomy test. When he reached the room, there was chicken and fried rice arranged by Ilangoe. He did not eat rice but slept. That was a nightmare for him. He decided to go to his village. But his brother advised him to continue his stay till the end of his exams to keep his father in dark about all these happenings. Devadas postponed his journey, took Ilangoe's byke, drove endlessly, met with an accident and got operated in a hospital. As Kesava Reddy himself had the experience of medical college, the atmosphere of this novel was framed in a natural background covering a day, from 25th to 26th morning, in the life of a medical student.

His novel *Ramudunnadu; Raji Vundaadi* is placed in an Agraharam on the highway of Tripathi and Palamaneru in Andhra Pradesh. Pedanayudu, possessing two hundred acres of land, moved to city. His representative, Mutyalanaidu was looking after the property matters. 'Konigadu' was a labourer for past thirty years of his life trying to clear his debt of Rs 800/- he would be free in next four days of Ganga Jatara. Meanwhile Mutyalanaidu tried to trap Pulligadu, the son of Konigadu so that the bonded labour would continue. Pulligadu who was laboring in Chennai returned to his village and in the absence of his father learnt how the laborers were exploited. Konigadu got his bond sheet and asked his son to calculate his coolie. The amount turned to some lakhs. To clear
some meager amount he served for 30 years unpaid. Konigadu, Pulligadu
and some others understood the exploitation and left the place.

Kesava Reddy’s fourth novel Athadu Adivini Jayincharu (He
Conquered the Jungle) tells us the story of an old, expert huntsman aged
seventy years. The novel consists of twenty one chapters. Kesava Reddy's
Athadu Adivini Jayincharu (He conquered the jungle) is his fourth work
and unique among his works. This novella was serialized in 1984 and
published in book form in 1985. His work was translated in 2000 by CLL
Jayaprada. All his slender works – eight novellas in all- display thematic
depth, technical virtuosity and linguistic innovation and lend his works
aesthetic appeal and an enduring value. Kesava Reddy writes about
outcastes, downtrodden, about the least noticed and the most neglected
members of society. He writes with compassion and understanding about
their heroic battle for survival. Endowed with acute powers of observation
and insight Kesava Reddy writes about the lowliest of the lowly. To be
able to write with such understanding about people and things they do not
form part of his personal experience calls for an extraordinary feat of
imagination.

The setting of the story was a forest. The old man was ill and hence
confined to the hut and his grandson had taken the pigs out to graze. He
had two pigsties. The sukka sow in the sty lay with its 12 new born
piglets. It was pride, pleasure and satisfaction to watch the mother sow
and its little ones for the oldman. It was about to dark and the oldman worried about the delay in the return of the grandson and the pigs. His pigs were everything to him. They were his sole wealth and hence misgivings and apprehensions rose in his mind: “Perhaps the pigs got out of control and into trouble. Or was the boy himself in danger.” (2) He was perplexed for a while and finally decided: “I am going in search of the pigs now. If they are in danger, I have to rescue them mustering courage and strength. I don’t know in what condition I’ll find the pigs and the boy.” (3) And he left the hut and set off westwards on the mud track.

As the sun sank and the moon strode high, the oldman walked fast. He owned twenty pigs. Two of them were sukka sows, a special breed. The pig is the sty had the 12 piglets four days ago. It was a feast to the oldman and his grandson. They took turns singing after dinking pots of today. Next day, the oldman was ill. The second sukka sow was ready to deliver at any moment and the boy took her too for gazing. The old man’s anxious mind traveled and he resumed his brisk walk. The ‘boy is neither old enough nor experienced enough’ he reflected. Gopalo, the grandson was not seen. There’s reason for the old man’s anxiety. The sukka sow can be like a demon for a week after birthing.

After a while Gopalo was seen with the herd in which the sukka sow was not found. Gopalo stood sobbing. He announced the missing of the sukka sow in all tears. The old man asked Gopala to feed the pigs and
pen them in carefully after reaching their hut. He decided to see to the sow and accelerated the pace.

When he reached the footprints of the sow, he followed them and settled on an areca nut tree placing his spear and knife. He raked the forest which was beautiful in the moonlight. The sand was white. The blossoms were shimmering. The breeze raised ripples on the surface of the water. The gigantic trees in the jungle lay asleep holding the jungle creatures like monkeys, birds and bears. The oldman continued watching the jungle. Later he reached the valley of the boulders. He felt a certain odour: “The smell of afterbirth. The sow has laid the piglets in the tindra bush” (24).

When the old man approached the tindra bush the sow squealed fiercely and rushed towards him. He did not realize what was happening to him. His body and mind froze in fear. The sow felled him and began goring him all over with her tusks. The oldman escaped miraculously. He was pursued by the sow. He sat on a branch of sunkrenu tree this time. When the oldman observed the sow circling the tree he worried at the thought of the young piglets unprotected: “I don’t like the sow leaving her young ones unprotected to pursue me” (26). In order to send the sow back to the piglets, he decided to: “Curl up and lie on the branch like a white caboose fish that lies underwater in the afternoon heat without a sound or movement” (26). His trick worked. The sow retreated into the tindra
bush. Seeing the sow entering the shrub was a high of relief to him. Suddenly he realized a shivering his whole body. The wounds were no ordinary words. The sukka sow inflicted so much pain resultant into lacerated flesh hung from his legs and thighs: “I rolled in pain on the ground when the sow struck me but could use neither the knife I carried nor the spear in my hand” (27) he observed, however he was not in stock. When he saw the sow it was as if he was riding an elephant. The old man got excited remembering the piglets which he did not see yet. He moved the edge ways on the branch and found out the sow and her piglets. He started to count them to ten. He turned his joy into singing a song. He feasted his eyes on their sensuous beauty and commented looking at the moon: “Come on ... come and see. In the tindra bush there are ten moons like you, infact, more beautiful.” (27) The old man wanted to help the babbler which had done a good idea of showing him the way. He pondered that he can take care of it by keeping it in a cage. He can give it water in a hallowed mango seed and feed it grains and white ants through the bars of the cage. Immediately he thought: “But how will the babbler benefit by it? The only way I can help it is by letting it go free without killing it.” (30) The old man tried to justify to his stay on the tree in the jungle for the protection of the sow. His inner voice troubled him: “You have not come here solely for that purpose. Does the sow need your protection? In this jungle there are many nasty and mean creatures, and I have to protect her and her young ones from them” (30), thinking thus, he
justified his coming. Moreover, he assured the son his protection and asked her to: “sleep peacefully. I will protect you. I have a spear with me”. (30) Further, he started thinking of its secured stay place at his home: “Where shall I keep the sow and piglets when I take them tomorrow? It is not possible to keep the sow in the existing pigsty along with the other pigs. I must build another pigsty. But that is not easy.” (31) He pondered for a while and concluded: “I’ll take them straight to my shack. The boy and I will sleep under the sigare tree. We can manage anywhere.” (31) The babbler sat on the grass, pecked at the white ants, filled its belly, rubbed its beak, flew into the air, returned after slacking its thirst, perched on the tindra shrub and hooted. The old man thought: “This babbler is singing a lullaby to the piglets.” (31) The old man was very happy. He tried to remember the face he had seen first at the day break: “The first thing I saw this morning was the sow.” (32) He felt proud in spite of the truth that the first and last things he saw everyday were pigs: “From dusk to daybreak he dreamt always about his pigs only”. (32) It was the month of Chitri and was the breading time of foxes and wolves. They would turn nasty in foraging for food. He was in a battlefield and he knew well that he should be alert. He was there to guard the sow and hence ignored so many wounds on his body. It was past midnight and there were numerous canes and bushes with jackals, wolves and tigers that hunt and tear to pieces the week and helpless. The old man then saw a jackal in the valley of boulders. He watched its movements
acknowledging it as the great strategist. As the jackal was approaching the shrub steadily and soundlessly the oldman aimed the spear at it. The jackal was ready to leap into the bush. The sow leapt out suddenly and severed the neck and mauled the jackal. The old man yelled: “That’s it Sukkilum.” (35) The old man continued to laugh. The sow rested and was calm after so much terror created. For the old man: “What she performed was not a kill but a yagnam.” (36) He approved the sow fighting: “I would like to reward you. What do you want? But there is nothing you lack. You have ten young ones as beautiful as the moon”. (37) For him the sow was an idiot and ignorant creature too as it: “…can’t tell your own and others apart.” (37) At the same time it was a great warrior: “You can leap like lightning and tear asunder like a thunderbolt.” (37) The oldman, however, could not reward; could not caress the sow and hence decided to sing a song for her. Suddenly he realized the gap in the poetry: “People have written about peacocks and swans. But nobody bothered to write about you.” (37) He concluded saying that there are innumerable songs, poems and stories about Bhimasena. He decided to sing them: “If I sing about Bhimasena, it is the same as singing about you.” (37) He sang from a folk play then. After a while he stood up as his body had grown numb. Seeing four jackals in the valley he was freezed in fear. The jackals stopped on seeing the dead jackal beside the tindra bush. They made a scrutiny. The oldman observed the movements of the pack keenly: “The jackals will not move forward after seeing the blood spattered carcass of
their brother. Their hearts would have turned to water. They will curl their
tails between their legs and flee.” (45) He told himself. He saw the jackals
closing in upon the bush from east, west, north and south. The sow
pounced on the jackal that came from the east. The oldman aimed his
spear to the jackal that came from the west. The jackals that came from
the north and the south leapt into the bush and picked up a piglet each and
ran away. The oldman felt so much pain. The sow settled again in the
bush. The oldman took a quick count of them. There were only eight then.
He began to mutter: “I lost two little ones. I am an unlucky wretch, lost
two piglets.” (42) The babbler settled there and cried ceaselessly. The
oldman doubted the attack of jackals due to its harangue. He drew the
knife from his waist and aimed at the babbler and it died. The
surroundings were repulsive to the old man. He saw the dead jackals and
the babbler. His heart stirred at the latter. It came to his mind that: “The
innocent babbler and the recalcitrant sow are both obstacles in the
achievements of my goal.” (44) There was a wound on her. The oldman
wanted to wash it with salt water and dress the wound the very coming
morning. Later the old man had a new idea. He decided to consider those
two unborn. He wanted to say that only eight young ones were born to the
villagers and the boy as well. He also realized the mistakes he committed
so clearly. He would have kept the sow in the yard and fed it. He would
have brought a catapult to protect every piglet. The old man senses his
will weakened. He remembered his past life. In his adolescent stage a
military battalion had camped. The soldiers tormented the villagers. They asked him two pigs. He refused them bluntly and fought ferociously. This flashback made him to regain his spirits. In order to be armed he retrieved his spear. He wished the rest of the night might pass peacefully. However, he knew well: “That’s impossible. No creature ever lived without fear of an enemy in any yuga.” (51) The surroundings were noisy and the whining of jackals made the oldman trembled. There were more than fifty jackals in number. The jackals encircled the tindra bush and gradually the circle was tightened. The sow scented the jackals and grew bewildered. It caught between the urge to pounce on the enemy and the inability to leave the piglets unprotected the oldman understood the situation tough. It was a moment of action. A terrible incident would happen. He hurled the spear at the sow and it pierced the sow’s body. The oldman leapt down, roared terrifyingly. The jackals made off in all directions at once. He pulled out the spear that was lodged in the sow and muttered. There was no other way to save the piglets. He planned to set the eight piglets down with the other sow that just had piglets in his sty. For him, the battle was not yet over. He had to feed them before daybreak. He had woven a bamboo basket and tried to take away the carcass of the sow also. But he could not load himself. He set the piglets, then, at the bottom of the basket thinking: “To save the piglets I lost my sow. Now I shall leave the carcass of the sow for the sake of the piglets. No man is altogether fortunate. No man is successful in everything he attempts. Life is a
Thus, the old man set off.

The old man walked feeling the ceaseless movement of piglets in the basket. After sometime when they stopped stirring, he examined them. They lay still. They could not be survived long without milk. He started walking again but he was rapidly overtaken by weakness. Suddenly his head reeled and got over his drowsiness soon. He stopped at a pool drank handfuls of water, recalled an incident of almost 40 years ago. The oldman closed and opened his eyes. Gradually he entered into a state which was neither sleep nor dream. When he opened his eyes he saw four vultures on the rim of the basket. He hurled the spear at the vultures. It missed the aim. The vultures rose heavily into the air. In place of the piglets there were eight lumps of flesh. There were tears in his eyes. As self-pity engulfed him, he thought: “The battle is finished. I am utterly defeated.” (61) By the time he reached the shack, it was late in the morning. The boy was sleeping still. He collapsed on the earthen floor. He was the very picture of inertia: “Did I fight so much only to be seized by torpor?” (61) He wondered at the restlessness of his mind. He thought: “But I must put an end to these thoughts and rest my exhausted mind. There are many things I have to do later because this is not the last day of my life. I have suffered the greatest misfortunes today and endured countless blows of luck. Even then, it is not the last day of my life.” (62)
Slowly he slipped into sleep. The boy woke up at the screeching of the bullock cart wheel. He saw the old man sleeping the knife and spear were beside him. He found his grandfather’s body soaked in blood. He saw the thighs and legs with the lacerate flesh hung loose. As tears welled in his eyes, the boy approached the old man and sat at his feet.

The present novella shows man alone in his quest and struggle. The novel seems to underline the essential aloneness of man, his Sisyphean struggle and his capacity to endure and overcome. The protagonist of this little classic with less than a hundred pages has entered into the impenetrable jungle on a lone search that acquires a larger significance. The old man was decapacitated by old age. He was seventy. He set out alone in desperate search for his sow. Neither his age nor the time of his search deters the old man from his determination to find the sow and his litter. He must seek them out and protest them from wild animals of the forest. Armed with no more than a spear and a knife, the old man falls back on his huntsman’s skills and unconquerable will.

In the forest, it was time for the wild animals to emerge from their lairs. He tracked the sow after a long and arduous search. He found that she had just ten young ones there. His eagerness to have a look at the piglets drew attention to himself. As a result he was chased and attacked by the ferocious mother. Lacerations bleeding, he shined up a tree to save himself. His wounds and pain were swiftly submerges by his ecstatic and
excited mood; his euphoria lay in the sight of the ten beautiful piglets. He now decides to stand guard over the mother and her litter to protect them from wild animals. As the night progresses, a lone jackal first sneaked in but the mother teased it to pieces. Soon a pack of four jackals approached. The mother pig killed one; the old man speared another from his perch on the tree, while the other two jackals ran away with a piglet each. A little later a large pack of jackals were seen coming towards the bush. Now the old man quickly realized that the sow, being one against many, could not protect her litter. He must come down from his perch to drive away the jackals for which he had first to kill the sow. He was reluctant to kill her but decided to do so in order to save the remaining eight piglets. He quickly speared the sow and succeeded in driving the jackals away. Eventually he made a basket to carry home the eight piglets. When weariness overtook him he dropped off, and woke up to find that vultures had pecked to death the already starving piglets. He felt utterly defeated. He recollected how, in the past, a shepherd in the jungle had hanged himself on discovering the death of his whole herd. If the old man did not end up like the shepherd, it would only because of a stoicism of mature years. He survived although was driven to desperation, and his survival was his triumph. He was an old man who was aged with earthy commonsense, with a long and varied life before him; his powers of acute observation and his capacity for analysis and correlating experiences set him as an expert hunt man in the reader’s eye.